

He is compleat in feature, and in minde,  
With all good grace, to grace a Gentleman.

*Duk.* Bestrew me sir, but if he make this good  
He is as worthy for an Empresse loue,  
As meet to be an Emperours Councillor:  
Well, Sir: this Gentleman is come to me  
With Commendation from great Potentates,  
And heere he meanes to spend his time a while,  
I thinke 'tis no vn-welcome newes to you.

*Val.* Should I haue wish'd a thing, it had bene he.  
*Duk.* Welcome him then according to his worth:  
*Silvia*, I speake to you, and you Sir *Thurio*,  
For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it,  
I will fend him hither to you presently.

*Val.* This is the Gentleman I told your Ladiship  
Had come along with me, but that his Mistresse  
Did hold his eyes, lockt in her Chrifall looks.  
*Sil.* Be-like that now she hath enfranchis'd them  
Vpon some other pawne for fealty.

*Val.* Nay sure, I thinke she holds them prisoners stil.  
*Sil.* Nay then he should be blind, and being blind  
How could he see his way to secke out you?

*Val.* Why Lady, Loue hath twenty paire of eyes.  
*Thur.* They say that Loue hath not an eye at all.  
*Val.* To see such Louers, *Thurio*, as your selfe,  
Vpon a homely obiekt, Loue can winke.

*Sil.* Haue done, haue done: here comes y gentleman.  
*Val.* Welcome, deer *Protheus*: Mistris, I beseech you  
Confirm his welcome, with some speciall fauor.

*Sil.* His worth is warrant for his welcome hether,  
If this be he you oft haue wish'd to heare from.  
*Val.* Mistris, it is: sweet Lady, entertaine him  
To be my fellow-seruant to your Ladiship.

*Sil.* Too low a Mistres for so high a seruant.  
*Pro.* Not so, sweet Lady, but too meane a seruant  
To haue a looke of such a worthy a Mistresse.

*Val.* Leau off discourie of disability:  
Sweet Lady, entertaine him for your Seruant.  
*Pro.* My dutie will I boast of, nothing else.

*Sil.* And dutie neuer yet did want his meed.  
Seruant, you are welcome to a worthless Mistresse.  
*Pro.* Ile die on him that saies so but your selfe.

*Sil.* That you are welcome? (you.)  
*Pro.* That you are worthless. (you.)  
*Thur.* Madam, my Lord your father wold speak with

*Sil.* I wait vpon his pleasure: Come Sir *Thurio*,  
Goe with me: once more, new Seruant welcome;  
Ile leau you to confer of home affaires,

When you haue done, we looke too heare from you.  
*Pro.* We'll both attend vpon your Ladiship.  
*Val.* Now tell me: how do al from whence you came?

*Pro.* Your friends are wel, & haue the much comended.  
*Val.* And how doe yours?  
*Pro.* I left them all in health.

*Val.* How does your Lady? & how thrives your loue?  
*Pro.* My tales of Loue were wont to weary you,  
I know you ioy not in a Loue-discourse.

*Val.* I *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now,  
I haue done penance for contemning Loue,  
Whose high emperious thoughts haue punish'd me

With bitter fasts, with penitentiall groines,  
With nightly teares, and daily hart-fore sighes,  
For in reuenge of my contempt of loue,

Loue hath chas'd sleepe from my enthralld eyes,  
And made them watchers of mine owne hearts sorrow.  
O gentle *Protheus*, Loue's a mighty Lord,

And hath so humbled me, as I confesse  
There is no woe to his correction,  
Nor to his Seruice, no such ioy on earth:  
Now, no discourie, except it be of loue:  
Now can I breake my fast, dine, sup, and sleepe,  
Vpon the very naked name of Loue.

*Pro.* Enough; I read your fortune in your eye:  
Was this the Idoll, that you worship so?  
*Val.* Euen She; and is she not a heavenly Saint?

*Pro.* No; But she is an earthly Paragon.  
*Val.* Call her diuine.  
*Pro.* I will not flatter her.

*Val.* O flatter me: for Loue delights in praises.  
*Pro.* When I was sick, you gaue me bitter pills,  
And I must minister the like to you.

*Val.* Then speake the truth by her; if not diuine,  
Yet let her be a principallitie,  
Soueraigne to all the Creatures on the earth.

*Pro.* Except my Mistresse.  
*Val.* Sweet: except not any,  
Except thou wilt except against my Loue.

*Pro.* Haue I not reason to prefer mine owne?  
*Val.* And I will help thee to prefer her to:  
Shee shall be dignified with this high honour,

To beare my Ladies traine, lest the base earth  
Should from her vesture chance to steale a kisse,  
And of so great a fauor growing proud,

Disdaine to roote the Sommer-swellling flowre,  
And make rough winter euerlastingly.  
*Pro.* Why *Valentine*, what Bragadisme is this?

*Val.* Pardon me (*Protheus*) all I can is nothing,  
To her, whose worth, make other worthies nothing;  
Shee is alone.

*Pro.* Then let her alone.  
*Val.* Not for the world: why man, she is mine owne,  
And I as rich in hauing such a Iewell

As twenty Seas, if all their sand were pearle,  
The water, Nectar, and the Rocks pure gold,  
Forgiue me that I doe not dreame on thee,

Because thou seest me doate vpon my loue:  
My foolish Riual that her Father likes  
(Onely for his possessions are so huge)

Is gone with her along, and I must after,  
For Loue (thou know'st it is full of iaculouise.)  
*Pro.* But she loues you? (howre)

*Val.* I, and we are betroathd: nay more, our marriage  
With all the cunning manner of our flight  
Determin'd of: how I must climbe her window,

The Ladder made of Cords, and all the means  
Plotted, and greed on for my happinesse.  
Good *Protheus*, goe with me to my chamber,

In these affaires to aid me with thy counsaile.  
*Pro.* Goe on before: I shall enquire you forth:  
I must vnto the Road, to dis-embarque

Some necessities, that I needs must vse,  
And then Ile presently attend you.  
*Val.* Will you make haste? *Exit.*

*Pro.* I will.  
Euen as one heate, another heate expels,  
Or as one naile, by strength driues out another.

So the remembrance of my former Loue  
Is by a newer obiekt quite forgotten,  
It is mine, or *Valentines* praise?

Her true perfection, or my false transgression?  
That makes me reasonlesse, to reason thus?  
Shee is faire: and so is *Julia* that I loue,

(That

(That I did loue, for now my loue is thaw'd,  
Which like a waxen Image gainst a fire  
Beares no impression of the thing it was.)  
Me thinkes my zeale to *Valentine* is cold;  
And that I loue him not as I was wont:  
O, but I loue his Lady too too much;  
And that's the reason I loue him so little.  
How shall I doate on her with more aduice,  
That thus without aduice begin to loue her?  
'Tis but her picture I haue yet beheld;  
And that hath dazeld my reasons light:  
But when I looke on her perfections,  
There is no reason, but I shall be blinde.  
If I can checke my erring loue, I will;  
If not, to compass her Ile vse my skill.

*Exeunt.*

## Scena Quinta.

Enter Speed and Launce.

*Speed.* Launce, by mine honesty welcome to Padua:  
*Laun.* Forwaere not thy selfe, sweet youth, for I am  
not welcome. I reckon this alwaies, that a man is neuer  
vndon till hee be hang'd, nor neuer welcome to a place,  
till some certaine shot be paid, and the Hostesse say wel-

come.  
*Speed.* Come-on you mad-cap: Ile to the Ale-house  
with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence,  
thou shalt haue five thousand welcomes: But sirra, how  
did thy Master part with Madam *Julia*?

*Laun.* Marry after they cloas'd in earnest, they parted  
very fairly in iest.

*Speed.* But shall she marry him?  
*Laun.* No.

*Speed.* How then? shall he marry her?  
*Laun.* No, neither.

*Speed.* What, are they broken?  
*Laun.* No; they are both as whole as a fish.

*Speed.* Why then, how stands the matter with them?  
*Laun.* Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it  
stands well with her.

*Speed.* What an asse art thou, I vnderstand thee not.  
*Laun.* What a blocke art thou, that thou canst not?

My staffe vnderstands me?  
*Speed.* What thou saist?

*Laun.* I, and what I do too: looke thee, Ile but leane,  
and my staffe vnderstands me.

*Speed.* It stands vnder thee indeed.  
*Laun.* Why, stand vnder: and vnder-stand is all one.

*Speed.* But tell me true, wilt be a match?  
*Laun.* Aske my dogge, if he say I, it will: if hee say  
no, it will: if hee shake his taile, and say nothing, it  
will.

*Speed.* The conclusion is then, that it will.  
*Laun.* Thou shalt neuer get such a secret from me, but  
by a parable.

*Speed.* 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how saist  
thou that that my master is become a notable Louer?

*Laun.* I neuer knew him otherwise.  
*Speed.* Then how?

*Laun.* A notable Lubber: as thou reportest him to  
bee.

*Speed.* Why, thou whorson Asse, thou mistak'st me,  
*Laun.* Why Foole, I meant not thee, I meant thy  
Master.

*Speed.* I tell thee, my Master is become a hot Louer.  
*Laun.* Why, I tell thee, I care not, though hee burne  
himselfe in Loue. If thou wilt goe with me to the Ale-

house: if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth  
the name of a Christian.  
*Speed.* Why?

*Laun.* Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as  
to goe to the Ale with a Christian: Wilt thou goe?

*Speed.* At thy seruice: *Exeunt.*

## Scena Sexta.

Enter Protheus solus.

*Pro.* To leau my *Julia*; shall I be forsworne?  
To loue faire *Silvia*; shall I be forsworne?  
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworne.  
And ev'n that Powre which gaue me first my oath  
Prouokes me to this three-fold periuire.  
Loue bad mee sweare, and Loue bids me for-sweare;  
O sweet-suggesting Loue, if thou hast sin'd,  
Teach me (thy tempted subiect) to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling Starre,  
But now I worship a celestiall Sunne:

Vn-heedfull vowes may heedfully be broken,  
And he wants wit, that wants resolu'd will,  
To learne his wit, to exchange the bad for better;

Fie, fie, vnreuerend tongue, to call her bad,  
Whose soueraignty so oft thou hast preferd,  
With twenty thousand soule-confirming oathes.

I cannot leau to loue; and yet I doe:  
But there I leau to loue, where I should loue.

*Julia* I loose, and *Valentine* I loose,  
If I keepe them, I needs must loose my selfe:

If I loose them, thus finde I by their losse,  
For *Valentine*, my selfe: for *Julia*, *Silvia*.

I to my selfe am deerer then a friend,  
For Loue is still most precious in it selfe,

And *Silvia* (witnesse heaven that made her faire)  
Shewes *Julia* but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that *Julia* is aliue,  
Remembring that my Loue to her is dead.

And *Valentine* Ile hold an Enemy,  
Ayming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now proue constant to my selfe,  
Without some treachery vs'd to *Valentine*.

This night he meaneth with a Corded-ladder  
To climbe celestiall *Silvia*'s chamber window,

My selfe in counsaile his competitor,  
Now presently Ile giue her father notice

Of their disguising and pretended flight:  
Who (all inrag'd) will banish *Valentine*;

For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter,  
But *Valentine* being gon, Ile quickly crosse

By some sly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.  
Lend me wings, to make my purpose swift

As thou hast lent me wit, to plot this drift. *Exit.*